

DELL

NO. 971

Still 10¢

WAGON TRAIN

starring

**Ward Bond and
Robert Horton**





WAGON TRAIN

ESCAPE TO JUSTICE

INDIAN! I'VE GOT TO
WARN THE WAGON TRAIN!

THE POWERS MOVING WESTWARD
FACED MANY UNKNOWN DANGERS
PASSING THROUGH HOSTILE INDIAN
TERRITORY. THEIR LIVES DEPENDED
ON THE ALERTNESS AND QUICK
ACTION OF THE WAGON TRAINSCOUT.
SUCH WAS THE CASE AS FLINT
MC CULLOUGH SURVEYED THE TRAIL
AHEAD ONE AFTERNOON ...

FLINT RIDES HARD BACK
TO THE WAGON TRAIN ...

WAGONS, HALT!

INDIANS AHEAD, MAJOR!
THEY WERE JUST BREAKING
CAMP WHEN I SPOTTED
THEM!

YOU FIGURE THEY
SAW US?

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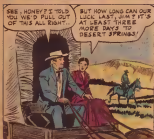
A SHORT TIME LATER, THE WAGON TRAIN IS ON ITS WAY ONCE AGAIN...



WAGONS, HO!

SEE, HONEY? I TOLD YOU WE'D PULL OUT OF THIS ALL RIGHT...

BUT HOW LONG CAN OUR LUCK LAST, JIM? IT'S AT LEAST THREE MORE DAYS TO DESERT SPRINGS!



WE'LL MAKE IT, HONEY... AND ONCE WE'RE THERE, ALL OUR TROUBLES WILL BE OVER!



THAT NIGHT, THE WAGONS MAKE CAMP BY A RIVER... THE WEARY TRAVELERS REST...



AND AS DAWN BREAKS, THE JOURNEY BEGINS AGAIN...



THEN, LATE THAT AFTERNOON...

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT COMPANY, MAJOR!

WAGONS, HALT!



IT'S THE LAW!

MAJOR ADAMS?



AT YOUR SERVICE, MEN! THIS IS MY SCOUT, FLINT MCLOUGHLIN!

I'M SAM HAWKS — THIS IS MY DEPUTY, BARNEY! WE'RE FROM KANSAS!



YOU'RE A LONG WAYS FROM HOME, AREN'T YOU, MARSHAL?

IN MY BUSINESS YOU HAVE TO GO A LONG WAYS SOMETIMES... TO CATCH UP WITH WHAT YOU'RE AFTER!



YOU MEAN THERE'S SOMEBODY ON THIS TRAIN YOU'RE LOOKING FOR?

WE'RE HOPEING SO! WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO CATCH UP WITH YOU FOR THREE DAYS!



WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MAN BY THE NAME OF JIM EVANS. HE'S PROBABLY TRAVELING WITH HIS WIFE... IS HE WITH YOU?



WELL, MARSHAL... THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE ON THIS TRAIN... IT'S HARD TO REMEMBER ALL THE NAMES...

NO USE COVERING FOR HIM, MISTER—HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER! IF HE'S HERE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL TELL US! WE'LL FIND HIM ONE WAY OR THE OTHER!



IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE A BOY LIKE THAT WOULD BE A KILLER...

LOTS OF THINGS ARE HARD TO BELIEVE... BUT FACTS ARE FACTS! HE JUST AID AND KILLED A STORE CLERK IN KANSAS!



SO LET'S GET IT OVER WITH! WHERE IS HE?

WE'D BETTER SHOW THEM, FLINT! MARSHAL HAWKS SOUNDS LIKE HE MEANS BUSINESS!

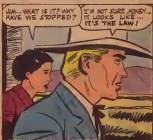


THE FOUR MEN RIDE TOWARD THE REAR OF THE TRAIN...



JIM... WHAT IS IT? WHY HAVE WE STOPPED?

I'M NOT SURE, JANEY... IT LOOKS LIKE... IT'S THE LAW!







COME ON, JIM... PUT THE GUN DOWN! YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE TO TALK ALL YOU WANT!

GET BACK, FLINT!
I'M WARNING YOU!



I... I CAN'T DO IT... I CAN'T SHOOT!

I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T, JIM! I BELIEVE YOU!



WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, MISTER?

A MAN LEARNS TO JUDGE PEOPLE WHEN HE HAS TO LIVE WITH THEM FOR MONTHS. I THINK I KNOW THIS MAN; HE SAVED MY LIFE!



NO WONDER YOU BELIEVE HIM! YOU FIGURE YOU OWE HIM SOMETHING, IS THAT IT?

NO! I JUST DON'T BELIEVE HE'S A KILLER!



WELL, WHAT YOU BELIEVE DOESN'T MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE, MISTER! I'M TAKING HIM BACK TO KANSAS; WE'LL LET A JUDGE DECIDE!

IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU'VE ALREADY JUDGED HIM! HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!



WHAT ABOUT THIS PROOF, JIM? HAVE YOU REALLY GOT IT?

THE PROOF IS IN DESERT SPRINGS! THE MAN WHO REALLY KILLED THAT CLERK IS THERE!

THERE WERE JUST TWO OF US IN THAT STORE WHEN THE CLERK WAS KILLED! THE KILLER KNOCKED ME OUT AND LEFT THE GUN IN MY HAND... HE RODE OUT AND I WAS THE ONE ARRESTED!



HE TOLD US THAT STORY BEFORE. IT'S JUST A TRICK TO STALL FOR TIME!

BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW IT'S NOT TRUE?



I KNOW PEOPLE, TOO, MISTER— I THINK I CAN TELL WHEN A MAN IS LYING!

ANYWAYS, HOW WOULD HE KNOW THIS MAN WAS IN DESERT SPRINGS... IF HE WAS KNOCKED OUT?



I TOLD YOU THAT! JUST AS I WALKED INTO THAT STORE... HE WAS SAYING HE'D COME ALL THE WAY FROM DESERT SPRINGS TO GET EVEN! HE AND THE CLERK MUST HAVE KNOWN EACH OTHER BEFORE!

PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE HIM!



CORRY, LADY... WE GOT OUR JOB TO DO, AND HE'S GOING BACK WITH US!

CAN'T YOU RIDE ON TO DESERT SPRINGS WITH US? LET THE BOY TRY AND PROVE HIS INNOCENCE! IF WHAT HE SAYS IS TRUE—



I'M NOT WASTING TIME ON A WILD-GOOSE CHASE, ADAMS. I GOT A FAMILY, TOO— AND I GOT A LONG WAY TO TRAVEL! WE'LL CAMP WITH YOU TONIGHT AND LEAVE IN THE MORNING!

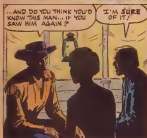




LATER THAT NIGHT...

MIND IF I TALK TO THE PRISONER, DEPUTY?

I DON'T SEE WHY NOT... GO AHEAD, FLINT!



...AND DO YOU THINK YOU'D KNOW THIS MAN... IF YOU SAW HIM AGAIN?

I'M SURE OF IT!



YOU DID ME A FAVOR, JIM... I'M GOING TO DO ONE FOR YOU!

THERE'S NO SENSE IN YOU GETTING MIXED UP IN THIS, FLINT... IT'S MY —



I WANT TO DO IT, JIM! JUST BE READY... LATER TONIGHT, I'LL BE BACK! YOUR WIFE WILL BE SAFE WITH THE MAJOR... TILL YOU SEE HER AGAIN!



JIM... WILL IT WORK OUT? I'M SO AFRAID SOMETHING—

WITH A MAN LIKE FLINT MCCULLOUGH ON OUR SIDE, HONEY, IT'S GOT TO WORK OUT!





IT WAS YOUR SCOUT,
ADAM, JIM FLINT
M'CALLOUGH
HELPED HIM
ESCAPE!

I'M AS SURPRISED AS YOU
ARE, MARSHAL... I NEVER
THOUGHT FLINT WOULD GO
QUITE THIS FAR!



HE'LL BE SORRY HE DID! AIDING A
FUGITIVE IS A SERIOUS CRIME! IF WE
CATCH UP WITH THOSE TWO IN DESERT
SPRINGS, M'CALLOUGH WILL GET THE
SAME TREATMENT AS EVANS! WE'LL
LEAVE AT DAWN, AND THIS TIME
WE'LL SHOOT BEFORE WE ASK
ANY QUESTIONS!



A FEW MILES AWAY, ON THE MOONLIT TRAIL...

WE'VE GOT A GOOD DAY'S RIDE TO
DESERT SPRINGS, JIM... LET'S GET
THOSE HANDS OF YOURS FREE!



FLINT PUTS HIS GUN CLOSE TO
THE HANDCUFFS...



THANKS, FLINT! I GUESS
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH I
APPRECIATE WHAT YOU'RE
DOING FOR ME...



YOU'D BETTER SAY THE THANKS, JIM!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OURSELVES A
MURDERER... AND WE'VE GOT TO DO
IT BEFORE THE LAW CATCHES UP
WITH US!



LATE AFTERNOON, THE FOLLOWING DAY...

SO THIS IS DESERT SPRINGS! NOT MUCH OF A TOWN, IS IT?

IT'LL BE A GREAT TOWN IF WE FIND THE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR!



WE'D BETTER GET SOME OF THIS TRAIL DUST OFF... THEN WE CAN START OUR SEARCH!

HOTEL



A SHORT TIME LATER...

DIDN'T THE HOTEL CLERK WONDER WHY YOU WANTED TO BORROW A FILE?

I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO FIX THE BIGHT ON MY SIX-GUN!



WELL, WHERE DO WE START?

CAFÉ... ANYPLACE WHERE THERE MIGHT BE A FEW PEOPLE!

HOTEL



DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS MAN? WHAT KIND OF WORK HE DOES, THE KIND OF —

ALL I KNOW IS WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE, PLINT. WHEN I SEE HIM, I'LL KNOW HIM!



THE TWO MEN BEGIN THEIR SEARCH...



THE HOURS DRAG ON...



BUT THAT NIGHT...



THE NEXT DAY, THE SEARCH CONTINUES BUT WITH LITTLE SUCCESS...



THAT AFTERNOON...



AT THAT MOMENT, AS FLINT AND JIM PASS THE LOCAL BARBERSHOP...

FLINT: THAT MAN INSIDE!



THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE MAN WHO KILLED THAT CLERK!



IT'S THE KID FROM THAT STORE IN KANSAS! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



GET BACK!



A FEW SECONDS LATER...

HOLD UP BOYS! ONE MOVE AND I'LL SHOOT!







FLINT RUSHES INTO THE BARBERSHOP AND THROUGH THE REAR DOOR...

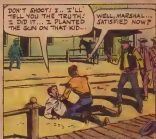
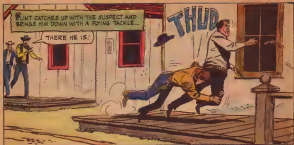


SUDDENLY HE SPOTS HIS MAN...



FLINT PURSUES THE FLEEING MAN...





WAGON TRAIN

PRAIRIE PURSUIT

WAGONS, HALT!

WITH GREAT CONCERN FOR THE WELFARE OF HIS WAGON TRAIN, MAJOR ADAMS SURVEYS THE CRACKED, DRY BED OF THE FAMED RIVER—

DRY AS A BONE, MAJOR! THERE HASN'T BEEN ANY WATER IN THIS RIVER FOR MONTHS!

I'VE SEEN SOME DROUGHTS IN MY DAY, BUT THIS IS ONE OF THE WORST!

NOT A SIGN OF GRASS ANYWHERE... AND NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY!

WE'VE GOT TO GRAZE THE STOCK SOON, MAJOR...

THE STOCK'S ONLY PART OF IT, FUNT! HOW'S OUR WATER SUPPLY?

WE'VE GOT ENOUGH TO LAST MAYBE THREE DAYS!

THAT'LL JUST BARELY GET US TO PUEBLO RIVER... AND WE'RE NOT EVEN SURE THAT HASN'T DRIED UP!

IT'S STILL OUR BEST BET, MAJOR! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THE TIME TO SCOUT FOR WATER! WE MIGHT FIND IT, BUT ON THE OTHER HAND... WE MIGHT NOT!

BETTER SIDE BACK AND PASS THE WORD,
FLINT... TELL EVERYONE TO SAVE ALL
THE WATER THEY CAN! USE EVERY
DROP LIKE IT WAS THEIR LAST!

YES, SIR!



A FEW HOURS LATER, THE
WAGONS STOP TO MAKE CAMP
FOR THE NIGHT...



HEY, MAJOR, WHEN CAN I
TAKE A BATH? THE MISSUS
SAYS I'M BEGINNIN' TO
LOOK AS BAD AS THE
KETTLE!

WITH LUCK WE'LL
HAVE PLENTY OF
WATER IN THREE
DAYS, JIM!



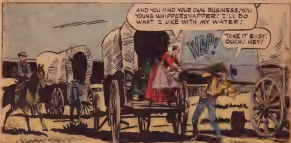
TELL YOUR WIFE A DIRTY
HUSBAND IS BETTER
THAN NONE AT ALL!

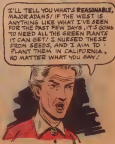
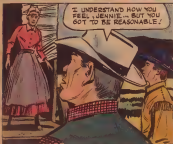
HA! HA! I'LL
TELL HER JUST
THAT, MAJOR!



AND YOU HIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, YOU
YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER? I'LL DO
WHAT I LIKE WITH MY WATER!

WAG!
TAKE IT EASY,
DUCK! HEY!





AS LONG AS IT'S JUST MY OWN BATHING I USE, I DON'T SEE WHY YOU TWO SHOULD WORRY!

BUT EVEN THAT BATHING MIGHT BE OUT, MA'AM! IF WE DON'T FIND WATER AT FUEBLO EVER...



WE'LL CONCERN OURSELVES WITH THAT WHEN IT'S TIME! MEANWHILE, DON'T STICK YOUR NOSES IN MY WAGON UNLESS YOU INTEND TO SMELL THE FLOWERS!



WHAT DID I TELL YOU, MAJOR? SHE JUST WON'T LISTEN TO ANYBODY!

THERE'S NO USE ARGUING WITH HER NOW! PLUNT...



AND I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD IDEA THAT IF THINGS GET REALLY BAD AND SHE GETS THIRSTY ENOUGH, SHE'LL SEE THINGS A LOT DIFFERENTLY!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE WAGON CAMP SLEEPS ...

LOOKS QUIET ENOUGH, DASSETT!

YEAH! LET'S MOVE FAST AND GET OUT BEFORE THEY KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



QUIETLY, THE MEN MOVE TOWARD A GROUP OF SADDLE HORSES ...



AS THEY START OUT WITH FOUR OF THE PONIES THE WAGON TRAIN GUARD SPOTS THEM ...



SOMEONE'S STEALING OUR HORSES!

BAM!

THE OUTLAWS SPUR OUT OF THE CAMP WITH THE STOLEN HORSES AS THE ALARM IS SOUNDED ...



BAM! BAM!

BAM!

STOP THEM!
SOMEBODY
STOP THEM!

BAM!

AS IF THE THEFT OF FOUR HORSES IS NOT ENOUGH, BAD NEWS ...



MAJOR! MAJOR! IT'S THE SUPPLY WAGON!

NOW WHAT?

SOME OF THOSE STEALY SHOTS HIT TWO OF OUR WATER KEGS! BY THE TIME I NOTICED IT, THEY WERE DRAINED DRY!



COME ON, FLINT!
WE BETTER CHECK
ALL THE KEGS!
THAT WATER IS
MORE IMPORTANT
THAN FOUR HORSES!



WE'RE LUCKY ONLY TWO KEGS WERE LOST!

BUT IT STILL CUTS OUR WATER SUPPLY AT LEAST A FULL DAY!



WE'LL HAVE TO SHAVE WATER RATIONS DOWN TO ABSOLUTE MINIMUM NOW, MAJOR!

RIGHT! FROM NOW ON THE ONLY WATER WE USE IS FOR DRINKING!



A SHORT TIME LATER AS THE NEWS IS PASSED THROUGH CAMP...

I'M SORRY, JENNIE! IT'S GOT TO BE THIS WAY!

BUT MY PLANTS WILL DIE!



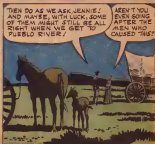
CALIFORNIA ISN'T A DESERT, JENNIE... THERE'LL BE OTHER PLANTS LATER!

NOT LIKE THESE! I CAN'T DO IT, MAJOR! I JUST CAN'T!



IF YOU REFUSE, I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO REMOVE ALL THE PLANTS AND LEAVE THEM!

NO!



THEN DO AS WE ASK, JENNIE! AND MAYBE, WITH LUCK, SOME OF THEM MIGHT STILL BE ALL RIGHT WHEN WE GET TO PUEBLO RIVER!

AREN'T YOU EVEN GOING AFTER THE MEN WHO CAUSED THIS?



AT DAWN, THE WAGONS PREPARE TO ROLL —



THE SUN RISES HIGHER, BUSTLING THE ALREADY PARCHED LAND ...

IT'S BEEN ALMOST AN HOUR. I'M SURE TO FIND HER SOON...



THE WAGON TRACKS LEAD UP A ROCKY CANYON, AND SOON...

I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO SPOT HER FROM THIS RIDGE...



LOOKING OUT FROM HIS VANTAGE POINT ON THE RIDGE, THE MAJOR SEES THAT HIS SEARCH IS OVER...

JENNIE'S WAGON! AND IT'S STOPPED!



SHORTLY...

HOWDY, MAJOR ADAMS! I KNEW YOU'D COME LOOKING FOR ME SOONER OR LATER. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!



I WOULD'VE STARTED BACK MYSELF, ONLY IT SEEMED BETTER TO HAVE YOU SEE FOR YOURSELF!

SEE WHAT? JENNIE, I'VE LOST ALL PATIENCE WITH YOU! DO YOU REALIZE THE TROUBLE YOU'VE CAUSED?



YES, MAJOR... BUT I KNEW YOU COULDN'T AFFORD TO TAKE THE TIME TO GO LOOKING FOR WATER YOURSELF... THAT'S WHY I DID IT! I FIGURED YOU'D COME AFTER ME... AND ISN'T IT WORTH IT, NOW?





ONE OF THE OUTLAWS STANDS TO GET A CLEAR SHOT...



THE SECOND MAN TRIES TO FLEE, BUT MAJOR ADAMS MOVES FAST...



WE'LL TAKE YOU AND YOUR FRIEND TO PUEBLO SETTLEMENT WITH OUR TRAIN! THE LAW THERE CAN DECIDE WHAT TO DO WITH YOU!



SHORTLY...

WE CAN STILL CATCH UP TO THE WAGONS BEFORE THEY GET TOO FAR, JENNIE! THEN WE'LL SEND THE SUPPLY WAGON BACK HERE TO FILL OUR WATER KEGS!

JUST LEAD THE WAY, MAJOR!



IT WON'T MATTER NOW IF WE DON'T FIND WATER AT PUEBLO RIVER, WILL IT?

NO, JENNIE... WE'LL BE SAFE TILL WE'RE OUT OF THE DROUGHT AREA!



AND AS SOON AS WE GET BACK, RINT AND I ARE GOING TO HELP YOU WATER THOSE PLANTS OF YOURS! WE WANT THEM TO BE GREEN AND HEALTHY WHEN WE GET TO CALIFORNIA!



BEES... OREGON BOUND



"When folks sign up with a wagon train, you never know what kind of strange cargo they will be carting along ...



"One such cargo belonged to Dr. Alonso Wood, who joined a train bound for Oregon in May 1846. He was undertaking to deliver the first colony of bees west of the Rockies, for contrary to belief, the honey bee was not a native American and had not crossed the Mississippi River until 1797.



"The trip was not easy for Dr. Wood; he had to stop early each day to let the bees out to graze, and then push on alone at night to catch up with the departed train. He often found the wagons already encamped.



"When duststorms, Indian raiders, or land without vegetation presented hazards, the freighter stayed with the train. For days the bees were hungry prisoners, until sage-brush country loomed into view.



"But unfortunately, just a few miles from their destination, the bee hive was swept to destruction in a flash flood. It was not until 1854, eight years later, that bees were successfully brought to Oregon."

A PLEDGE  TO PARENTS

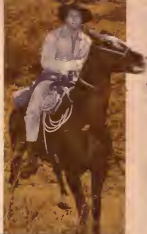
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ROLLING WEST



As Wagon Master, my concern is for the welfare and safety of all the people in this wagon train.



My "eyes" are scout, Flint McCullough. Riding miles ahead of the train, his timely information has often helped us avert disaster.



We've little time to relax, even around the camp fire. That's when Flint and I make our plans for the next day.

It's a big job, heavy with responsibilities. But my satisfaction lies in the knowledge that I'm guiding them safely to their destination.

